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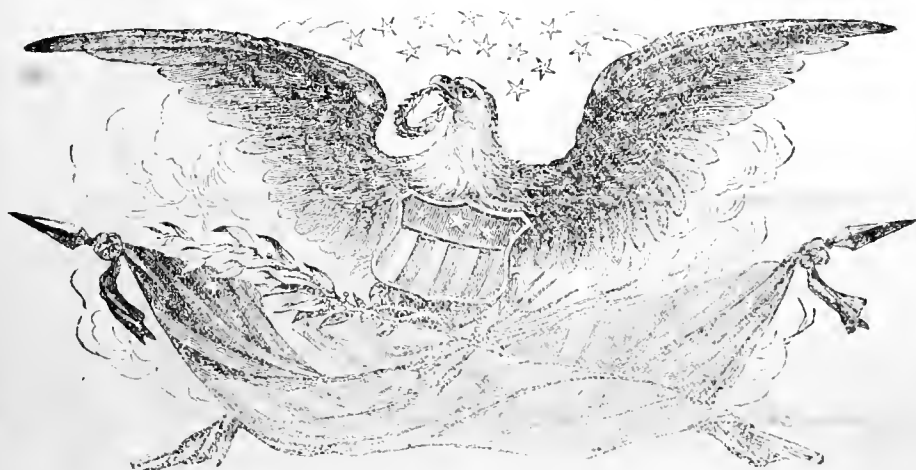
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Hail! Thou Land by God Selected.



A NATIONAL HYMN.

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PUBLISHED BY  
W. CONRADI,

322 EAST DIVISION STREET.

CHICAGO, ILL.

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# Hail! Thou Land by God Selected.

## NATIONAL HYMN.

1.

Hail, thou land, by God selected  
Freedom's golden hearth to be  
Hail ye people, once elected  
Free, by fathers bravery!  
—Hold, O hold ye fast forever  
Holy, high!  
North and South; forget ye never  
Freedom's blessings, far and nigh!  
Sing ye praise immortal.  
Sing at every portal!  
All defy!  
All defy, be brave, be bold,  
Shining stars and stripes unfold!

2.

Land of Freedom, Nation chiefest  
Grand in glory, world renowned,  
Where the humblest son receivest  
Toil and care so richly crowned.  
—Land of plenty, land of blessing,  
Country Free!  
Iron hail nor cannon's hissing  
Shall supply thy wants to thee,  
Swords and helmets shining  
Shall not cause thy smiling,  
Country Free!  
Country, free for ev'ry race,  
Freedom's blessing shall embrace.

3.

Hail, thou land, of gifts the sweetest,  
Freedom, if preserved by thee,  
If, O flag of peace, thou greetest,  
Mountain, shore in fullest glee  
—Live and grow may you forever  
Country Free!  
Trumpet's voice be still, endeavour  
Silence keep on land and sea!  
North and South will render  
Thanks for blessing's splendor.  
—Brothers ye!  
Brothers ye, O do not rest,  
Heroes' sons of East and West!

4.

Hail, thou land, if truth and honor  
Strive to reign through care and toil,  
Gold not dares thy duty's banner,  
Nor thy sense of honor soil.  
—Life will then be ever pouring.—  
High above  
Science, art and graces soaring  
Through thy gates of peace and love.  
Sons of ev'ry clime will enter,  
Nations' ties surrender.  
Sigh for love!  
Sigh for love, They praise thee still  
Years to come in pride and skill.

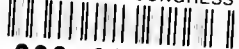
5.

God, Almighty, hear our prayer,  
Grant protection as of yore!  
Right, let truth desert us ne'er  
Shield our honor, we implore!  
—Vice, corruption, tear asunder,  
Lord of Hosts,  
Drive them off with deaf'ning thunder  
Strike them down and shame their boasts!  
Preserve us as a nation  
Grant, O grant in Thy compassion.  
Lord of Hosts!  
Lord of Hosts, that they sanctify  
Hearts and hands to Thee on high.

Idea and form of the hymn, without rhymes, by W. CONRAD.  
Translated into German rhymes by A. REINKE. Translated into English by A. GAOR.

The notes and verses are printed on separate pages and loosely enclosed in the cover, so that they may be readily taken in hand by various participating singers in the family.

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